

Fields of Athenry by Pete St John

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young girl calling
Michael they are taking you away
For you stole Trevelyan's corn
So the young might see the morn.
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.

*Low lie the Fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing we had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry.*

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young man calling
Nothing matters Mary when you're free,
Against the Famine and the Crown
I rebelled, they cut me down
Now you must raise our child with dignity.

*Low lie the Fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing we had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry.*

By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry.

*Low lie the Fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing we had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry.*

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By the lone- ly pri- son wall, I heard a young girl cal- ling,



“Mi- chael they are ta- king you a- way, For you stole Trev- el- yn’s corn, So the



young might see the morn, Now a pri- son ship lies wai- ting in the bay, Low, lie the



fields of A- then- ry, where once we watched the small free birds fly; Our love was on the



wing, We had dreams and songs to sing; It’s so lone- ly ’round the fields of Ath- en- ry.